The Democrat.

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CAPE GIRARDEAU, : MISSOURI.

BOBBY'S WHISTLING.

When Bobby learns to whistle
There's music in the air;
You hear his notes diffusing,
Here, yon and everywhere.
He whistles in the morning
Before he's out of bed;
He whistles all the day long,
And in his sleep, 'tis said.

Of tunes Bob knows not many—
In fact, he knows not one;
But just to whistle, whistle,
To him's sufficient fun.
And tunes are but restrictions—
Are paths one's muse to lead,
And Bobby is a rover
In Whistledom, indeed.

While Bobby learns to whistle
His mamma's nearly wild.
She says in all her born days
She ne'er saw such a child.
And grandmamma gets nervous
And says: "Oh, me! Oh, my!
That child will drive me crazy;
I feel that I could fly!"

Why, even at the table,
He'll pause and try his skill,
And through his puckered lips he
Emits notes sharp and shrill.
His father cries out "Robert!"
And Bobby then will cease,
And for the next ten minutes
Perhaps he'll hold his peace.

When Bobby learns to whistle
There's one thing that's made clear—
That is, whate'er his heart's in,
In that he'll persevere.
And so, although distracted
Almost by all the noise,
We smile and say, benignly:
"Oh, well, boys will be boys."

—Arthur J. Burdick, in Chicago Daily Record.

A Mother's Sacrifice

By Mr. Hoolihan.

McFADDEN was in ugly mood for conversation, and he sat a long time by the cheese boxes in the grocery without saying a word. Terry Hoolihan flitted about, putting his small stock in order and wondering why his friend was so silent. Finally McFadden spoke:

"My sister," said he, "has given my mother the double cross—she's quit home and married a booze slinger."

Hoolihan made no comment for some minutes, and when he did it was while he was freshening the fire.

"I never told you," said he, "of how Mother Murphy saved five dollars and what became of it, did I?"

"No," says McFadden. "And as for that I've troubles enough of my own without thinking of the Murphys."

"Tut-tut," replied Terry. "We're all out of the same pan, and what's sorrow for one is sooner or later grief for another. The world is little enough when you come to think of how big it is. Mother Murphy has lived in the ward for 35 years—35 years within a stone's throw of Clark street and never out of sight of Harrison. The house is jammed in between two big buildings and there's a window in front and a window behind, but never a one on either side.

"Murphy, the man, never earned over a dollar a day in his life, but he was good to his woman and to the little girl that come and while it's tight pinching to make $30 a month (and sometimes only $20) take care of three, he did it. And the old woman she helped him and she helped the little girl. There wasn't a better dressed girl in the street, nor one that thought less of her folks, save for what she got out of them.

"It was perhaps ten years after the kid was born, just about the time they was first talking of paving the alleys and covering the garbage, that Mother Murphy said one day to the old man:

"'I've set my heart on it, Murphy.'

"'What's that?' said he.

"'A lace curtain for the front window,' said she.

"'When you find the money for it,' said he, 'rolling uphill or swimming in the river, you can get the curtain.'

"'Never mind,' says she. 'The curtain I'll get, and the cost of it will never trouble your dreams when you're awake.'

"So the old woman started to raise the wind to pay for the lace curtain. Mind you, McFadden, she was a woman what never asked anything for herself. To my certain knowledge, in nine years she never had but one dress of her own, and she turned that when she went to mass. She was never in a theayter, never had a ribbon in her hat, and when she wanted car fare she walked, whether it was one mile or five. But the daughter had four dresses, she had car tickets plenty, she had a seat in the balcony of the Hooley place and she ate candy as if she would be sugar inside forever. In one day she blowed herself in this store for 20 cents' worth of joo-joo, and that's a pile of coin, McFadden, for a poor person to get rid of in frummery.

"But Mother Murphy was not complaining. In her own way she was going to have the lace curtain. Her first start for it was the finding of a penny on the street near the door. She was anxious to keep it, but fearful of cheating, so she brings it in to me, and she says:

"'Is it yours, Terry?'

"And says I:

"'I couldn't identify it if it was.'

"And she kept it. A week later she gets a dime for cleaning some windows, and then having to go to California avenue on a bit of work, she saves a nickel by walking. By not eating meat when she was at home at noon she saves a penny or two more, and at the end of 18 months she has 37 cents saved for the curtain, which she had made up her mind should cost not less than five dollars. She was mighty proud of her savings, I tell you.

"Time goes on and her daughter is growing up and getting gay. She keeps the old folks guessing as to what she'll do next, but the mother sticks by her, overlooks all her bad points and is proud of her dressing up, although it kept both father and mother on short rations. I meets Mrs. Murphy walking in the snow one morning and her feet was out in the cold.

"'Hold on,' says she, when she notices I'm going to speak. 'The daughter needs slippers more'n I do shoes, and I've a dollar and eleven cents for the curtain already.'

"What could I say after that? There'd never been a bright thing in her life; it was work, work, work all the time, and here was the sunshine of seeing her girl look sprig and of thinking of getting that lovely curtain. So I held my tongue, and she trudged on in the cold. 'Course the daughter could have done different by the old woman, but girls are girls, and not many of them knows what sacrifice means or sorrow till they've taken the cup of motherhood and swigged a big swallow out of it.

"In three years Mother Murphy has saved all of two dollars, and the girl is looking gayer, and having bows every day, and the old lady is more pinched and worn out, but always with a smile on her face for Murphy and a bit of fire for the girl when she comes in, cold, and it's late o' the night. Six years rolls by, and there's $3.50 for the curtain, and Mother Murphy says to me:

"'I'll have it in another 18 months—sure, Hoolihan.'

"And she did. 'Twas nearly eight years after she started to save that dough that one morning she found five dollars on hand. She claps her hands, gives Murphy a hug of the arm and she says:

"'The curtain will be up to-morrow, Murphy—to-morrow, my man.'

"He blinks, 'cause he thinks it's a woman's foolishness, and the old lady goes on about her work. In her mind she plans how she'll go to the big store the next morning and spend half a day finding what she wants. It's to be the best, 'cause there ain't a five-dollar curtain hung up in a single window this side of the avenue. She sings to herself all day and blesses her girl and the old man and the good God that let her save so much money. Never before in her life had she five dollars in one lump, and it looks like a Kimberley diamond to her.

"That night she's sitting by the fire jollying herself, 'cause of the to-morrow, when the daughter comes in from

"GO AND GET WHAT YOU WANT, DEARIE."

having a walk with the copper, next beat. She sits down hard in a chair, and she scowls in her face, and she says something hard under her breath.

"'Ah, dearie,' says the old lady, 'what's troubling the heart?'

"'Nothing,' says the girl, looking blacker than ever.

"'Come,' says Mother Murphy, putting an arm about her, 'tell the mother what's the matter.'

"'Hang it all,' says the girl. 'It's being poor all the time that troubles. Here's the dance at Americus hall Saturday night, and me with two invitations, and I haven't a slipper to put on my foot nor even a ribbon for my hair. I wish I was out of this.'

"'Don't say that, dearie,' said the mother. 'There's no better place in the world for a daughter than right by the fire her mother's set going for her. There's no storm can hurt her there. And what will the slippers and the ribbon cost?'

"'Five dollars,' said the girl.

"There was a long silence in the room. The lamp wasn't lit, and the girl couldn't see the mother's face, but just once she thought she heard a sigh. I guess perhaps it may have been only the breath of the fire. Anyway, after that Mother Murphy moved across the room to a corner in the cupboard and she got there a tin cup, and she comes back and she turns into the daughter's lap what was in it. There was pennies, dimes, nickels, quarters and one half-dollar, and when you come to add it all up it was five dollars.

"'Go and get what you want, dearie,' said Mother Murphy, and then goes and sits in a faraway corner alone. As for the girl, she was gone in a jiffy, happy, satisfied, not thinking, for why should she, unless she'd been one of those kind of girls what they calls after birds, a rary avis.

"Murphy comes in and sees something out of the way, but he is quiet when the old woman takes his hand and says:

"'I don't want the lace curtain, I guess, Murphy. The daughter's more'n to me than the style. Murphy sit down by the fire and warm yourself, for it's glad I am to see you home.'"—Chicago Herald.

There are 10,000 miles of railway now in operation or under construction in Africa.

NO SIMPLE UNDERTAKING.

Some of the Difficult Problems Presented in the Taking of the Twelfth Census.

[Special Washington Letter.]

Census taking is not the political picnic that many people imagine. Few appreciate the magnitude of the work; the eleventh census cost more than $11,000,000, and in the twelfth census an office force of more than 2,000 for about two years and a field force of over 50,000 for from two weeks to a month will be employed.

Among the troublesome problems which have to be solved by the census office are the legal questions which continually arise. The Indian census, for instance, fairly bristles with legal difficulties. In 1890 the census law provided that a "special report" upon the Indians should be made. A volume of 700 odd pages was published, profusely illustrated and touching every point of the Indian problem. For once in history, "Poor Lo" was accorded justice. The volume was so pretty that the edition was soon exhausted and now the department of the interior has not even a copy for the census office itself. But the law providing for the twelfth census makes no special provision for an Indian census; nor does it authorize such a report as was made ten years ago. It is at this point that the real difficulties of the census office regarding the Indians begin.

The Indian population, then, cannot be treated by itself and described in a separate report. It also seems illogical to class the Indians among the ordinary population of the United States. The Indian tribe is in many respects a distinct nationality, although since 1871 congress has been doing its best to destroy all traces of tribal independence or self-government. Moreover, the tribal Indians are not citizens of the United States. The reservations upon which they live are not legally parts of the state or territory which surrounds them.

Under such conditions it seems impossible for the census office to class Indians as a part of the ordinary inhabitants of the states and territories. On the other hand, it is equally impossible to ignore them and omit them entirely. For the constitution of the United States says that: "Representatives shall be apportioned among the several states according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each state, excluding Indians not taxed." This fastens upon the census office a duty that seems plain enough. But as a matter of fact, it would give the attorney general of the United States some hours of work to explain exactly what is meant by the apparently simple phrase "Indians not taxed." The uncertainty in the phrase is in the meaning of the word "taxed." The tribal Indian, like other inhabitants of the United States, is subject to the internal revenue duties and the various stamp taxes now imposed by the United States. If he uses a bank check, he must stamp it; if he manufactures a box of cigars, he must stamp it. Is he "taxed" thereby?

Just what a "tax" is, in the meaning of the constitution, has never been definitely decided, although the question has been before the supreme court many times.

Whether or not a stamp duty is a tax, and if it is, whether it is a direct tax; whether "Indians not taxed" means Indians not directly taxed, or whether it may not mean Indians not taxable, are questions that must be decided by the census office before it can form its plan for the Indian enumeration.

The last question has been a subject of debate ever since Indian censuses have been taken. In 1890 there were about 50,000 civilized Indians living among the general population of the United States. Such Indians are citizens of the United States, but many of them are too poor to pay taxes. Are they to be excluded from the population according to which representation in congress is apportioned? We count every Chinese and other alien of whatever sort or condition. Before the war we counted every negro slave as equivalent to three-fifths of a white man. It seems manifestly absurd to believe that the framers of the constitution meant to exclude a class of citizens who are also natives, because of their poverty. In other words, the framers of the constitution must have said what they did not mean. What they really meant was to exclude all Indians belonging to a class not subject to taxation.

All these points are subjected to the most careful examination in the census office, and when a decision as to the legal obligation of the office has been reached, the statisticians turn their attention to the economic and social aspects of the question in hand. Experts are consulted; the important lines of investigation are mapped out, and inquiries are so framed as to bring out the desired information in a form in which it can be handled with the Hollerith machines. At the same time, these questions must be put in such a way that they will neither be misunderstood nor likely to evoke antagonism or false replies. No pains are spared to interest the public in the work and to secure general and hearty cooperation. Without that the most careful work at Washington or by the enumerators must prove fruitless.

After five years of strenuous effort to establish the lyceum system in the southern states, gratifying success has been attained. The larger, and many of the smaller, cities of the south now have their lyceums.

Scotch and English milkmaids believe their cows will "go dry" if they forget to wash their hands when through milking.

In the London meat market has been sold a consignment of frozen kangaroo tails, which are said to make a soup more savory than oxtail.

HUMOROUS.

In Training.—Jones—"How are you, Brown? You look thin. Eating anything lately?" Brown—"Only soups. I'm training for a set of false teeth."—Cigrette.

"Snagsby was afraid he was growing weary of the club and he took heroic treatment to bring back his liking for it." "What did he do?" "Got married."—Omaha World-Herald.

He—"To prove the sincerity of my intentions, I have brought this solitaire adornment for your engagement finger." She—"I must say, my friend, that your speech has the true ring."—Boston Courier.

Bad Doctoring.—School Examininer—"What is the meaning of false doctrine?" Schoolboy—"Please, sir, it's when the doctor gives the wrong stuff to people who are sick."—Boston Christian Register.

In New Hampshire.—"I rode across to Kittery this morning." Native—"Whose boat did you have?" "Boat? Nobody's boat. I rode—on horseback." Native—"Sho! Why didn't ye say ye rid?"—Harvard Lampoon.

Mrs. Careful—"This is the watch my husband gave me." Her Friend—"Why, it isn't going. Is it broken?" Mrs. Careful—"O, no! You see, I don't wind it at all. That keeps the works from wearing out."—Philadelphia Press.

Carrie—"Tell me, Kate, how was it you did not marry Mr. Tyler?" Kate—"He told me I was the only woman he ever loved. If a man will lie to you before marriage, what stories won't he tell afterward?"—Boston Transcript.

When the Pressure Is Strong.—"What's new?" queried the reporter of the man from the gas belt, "up in your part of the state?" "Oh, nothing much," replied the latter. "At present the natural gas supply seems to be the burning question."—Indianapolis News.

ANTS AS STRATEGISTS.

Armies of the Insects Are Maneuvered with Military Precision and Effect.

From a military standpoint, the methods employed by ants to provide food for an ant colony are almost perfect. Their foraging parties are faultless, both in planning and execution, and are almost uniformly successful. A resident of this city who is at present in business in South Africa, has sent home a description of a foray of an army of ants.

The army, which he estimates to have numbered about 15,000 ants, started from their home in the mud walls of a hut and marched in the direction of a small mound of fresh earth but a few yards distant. The head of the column halted on reaching the foot of the mound and waited for the rest of the force to arrive at the place of operations, which evidently was to be the mound of fresh earth. When the remainder had arrived and halted, so that the entire army was assembled, a number of ants detached themselves from the main body and began to ascend to the top of the mound, while the others began moving so as to encircle the base of the mound.

Very soon a number from the detachment which had ascended the mound, evidently the attacking party, entered the loose earth and speedily returned, each bearing a cricket or a young grasshopper, dead, which he deposited upon the ground and then returned for a fresh load. Those who had remained on the outside of the mound took up the crickets and grasshoppers as they were brought out, and bore them down to the base of the hill, returning for a fresh load. Soon the contents of the mound seemed to be exhausted, and then the whole force returned home, each carrying his burden of food for the community.

Here, then, was a regular foray, planned and executed with military precision, the country surveyed, the depot of provisions known accurately before the march was made, and at the mound prudential division of labor and care taken that none of the victims should escape.—N. Y. Herald.

CHINESE INQUESTS.

Their Established Code Embraces Some Peculiar and Absurd Practices.

Coroners' inquests are well known among the Chinese. One of the chief differences between their system and ours is that the Chinese doctors never dissect. In fact, Chinamen have a perfect horror of dissection.

There are few things more absurd than the code of rules laid down for the Chinese coroner. In the first place he is bidden to make sure that he has a dead body before he begins his inquest. That however is less ridiculous than it sounds, for the heathen Chinee is tricky and may demand an inquest on a sham deceased with a view to extorting money from some person who may be denounced as having caused the death.

The preposterous part of the code comes in with the alleged signs which show the cause of death. If the deceased is supposed to have been poisoned rice is put into his mouth and then taken out and given to a chicken. Its effect on the fowl decides the question. Most of the other methods adopted are even more absurd and fanciful, and as a result inquests in China do very little to prevent crime.—Chicago Evening News.

Appropriate.

Philanthropist—What is your name, my good man?

Tramp—B'iled Cider, sor.

"My, my, how peculiar. How did you ever get such a name? Your parents didn't give it to you, I hope."

"No, sor; the man I had my first job with give it to me. He said I was that because I wouldn't work."—St. Louis Republic.

THE OCEAN GRAVEYARD.

Just What Sable Island Is—Where It Lies—Its Fight Against the Sea.

Sable island belongs to Nova Scotia, is 145 miles from Halifax and 85 miles east of Cape Canso. It is a treeless, shrubless waste, seamed by wind and wave and of ever-changing aspect. A cone-shaped hill near the east end, once a mere undulation of sand, is now over a hundred feet high, and is still growing. Other hillocks are gradually being mowed away by storms. The hillocks are liable to be undermined so swiftly and swept out of existence that they are carefully watched from the various stations on the island, and, there being no certainty how far an inroad of the sea will extend after each successful attack. Even the coarse grass of the island grows in a different manner from that of the mainland. It does not bear seed, but shoots up from roots which run along under the sand. During the winter the sand is blown over the grass, and buries it sometimes three or four feet deep. But the hardy blades grow up next season, as if the island sands had protected them from the cold of winter in order to make them all the stronger. The island itself is fighting for self-preservation. It seems as if it drew ships into its fatal embrace as rallying points for its loose and shifting sand, and thus to protect itself by a bulwark of wrecks against annihilation by the sea. Tradition says that when Sable island was discovered by Cabot in 1447, it was 80 miles long and 10 miles wide. In 1802, when a rescue station was established there, it was only 40 miles long. Since then it has shrunk to but little more than 20 miles in length, and in width it is only a mile at its widest. Within 28 years the western end lost seven miles. Shoals over which the ocean now surges are pointed out as former sites of lighthouses. One of these was so swiftly undermined by the sea that it had to be abandoned with the greatest precipitation. The spot where once stood the superintendent's house is now under two fathoms of water.

The island, rapidly diminishing at its western end, is slightly gaining at its eastern. Slowly, like a ship dragging its anchor, it is moving eastward. Will it ever reach the edge of the shoals, stand tottering on the brink of the abyss till it receives its coup de grace and plunge over the submarine bank forever into the depths? Unfortunately, its end will probably be less dramatic. There is good ground for believing that this gray sand bar will slowly wear away until it becomes another submerged shoal added to an ambuscade already some 60 miles in length—for a line of breakers extends 16 miles from one end of the island and 28 miles from the other.—Gustav Kobbe, in Ainslee's.

WEATHER FORECASTS.

Every Land Now Has Its Daily Reports by Telegraph and Cable.

A century has passed by since the first meteorological society of Europe published the "Ephemerides Mannheimensis," containing weather observations at many stations. From these records Brandes subsequently made and studied the first weather maps. Now every civilized land has its daily reports by telegraph and cable.

The United States weather bureau bases its forecasts on 200 stations, and last summer Prof. Moore added 16 kite stations for determining the condition of the air high above the ground. The country has extended its lines to the West Indies, and is hoping to reach Hawaii and Alaska; Canada has added the Bermudas, and is stretching toward the Klondike. European bureaus are moving toward a special cable to Iceland.

Such outlying stations are very important for the protection of the nearer regions, but no mere increase in observers will enable us to predict accurately farther ahead or in greater detail than we now do.

What is first needed is a more profound study of the forces that affect the weather. The crying need of meteorology is not more stations, but more study. The highest talent for scientific investigation is called for. There are no problems more difficult than those that concern the weather, and none more important. He who solves one of these will benefit the whole world and merit a great reward.

The endowment at any university of a special school for meteorological research will mark the beginning of a bright era in the history of this science, and will benefit humanity.—Youth's Companion.

Reassuring.

Monsieur Calino, the simple-hearted and ingenious Frenchman, happened to be riding in a train in the same compartment with a lady who was in a constant fear of a smash-up.

At every sudden stop, every jar, every sound of the bell or whistle, she cried out:

"Oh, oh! Have we run off the track? Is it a collision? Are we going to be killed?"

Calino paid no attention, but remained wrapt in solemn silence. Presently the lady said to him:

"And you, sir, aren't you afraid of railroad accidents?"

"Not I, madame," answered Calino, reassuringly. "It has been foretold that I am to die on the guillotine!"

The nervous woman went into hysterics and had to be removed from the train at the next station.—Youth's Companion.

One Cure.

Mrs. Hix—I don't take any stock in these faith cures brought about by the laying on of hands.

Mrs. Dix—Well, I do. I cured my little boy of the cigarette habit in that way.—Chicago Evening News.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

There are in all Spain only 3,230 children in the Sunday schools.

The membership of chartered Epworth leagues now reaches 233,015.

Bishop Hendrix, of the Methodist church, South, has dedicated 139 churches.

Aaron French, of Pittsburgh, has added $3,500 to his previous gifts of $12,500 to the Georgia school of technology.

In Chicago 111 schools have adopted the penny-savings system. The children in these institutions saved $9,214 during the month of October.

Connecticut figures from its recent state school census that it has 20 per cent. more inhabitants than it had in 1890. The population of the country on this basis is 75,150,000.

St. Bede the Venerable's feast day is to be observed by Catholics all over the world as well as in England from 1901 on according to a recent decree of the sacred congregation of rites. His day in the calendar will be May 27, his birthday.

When the men now under orders have reached their destination there will be 15 army secretaries of the Young Men's Christian association in the Philippines. Miss Helen Gould has contributed the larger portion of the money for the maintenance of this special work.

James M. Munyon, of Philadelphia, will build a college for girls on plans like those of Girard college, for the benefit of native-born American girls who have no relatives upon whom to depend for support. Industrial training will be the leading feature. He will spend $2,000,000 in establishing the plant.

POWER OF EXPLOSIVES.

The Effect of the Most Energetic Is Not So Terrible as Generally Supposed.

There is a widespread misapprehension in regard to the devastating effect of these high explosives, for when unconfined the effect even of large charges of them upon structures is comparatively slight. At the naval ordnance proving ground, so long ago as 1884, repeated charges of dynamite, varying from five to one hundred pounds in weight, were detonated on the face of a vertical target consisting of 11 one-inch wrought-iron plates bolted to a 20-inch oak backing, until 440 pounds of dynamite had been so detonated in contact with it, and yet the target remained practically uninjured; while at Braamfontein the accidental explosion of 55 tons of blasting gelatin, which was stored in railway vans, excavated but 30,000 tons of soft earth. This last may seem a terrible effect, but the amount of explosive involved was enormous and the material one of the most energetic that we possess, while if we compare it with the action of explosives when confined its effect becomes quite moderate. Thus at Fort Lee, on the Hudson, but two tons of dynamite placed in a chamber in the rock and tamped brought down 100,000 tons of the rock; at Lamberis, Wales, two tons and a half of gelatin dynamite similarly placed threw out 180,000 tons of rock; and at the Talcen Mawr, in Wales, seven tons of gunpowder, placed in two chambers in the rock, dislodged from 125,000 to 200,000 tons of rock. We might cite many such examples, but on comparing these we find that the gunpowder confined in the interior at the Talcen Mawr was over 42 times as efficient as the explosive gelatin on the surface at Braamfontein, while the dynamite at Fort Lee was over 90 times as destructive.—Prof. C. E. Munroe, in Appletons' Popular Science Monthly.

WHERE GOLD GROWS.

Localities Where Fresh Deposits of the Precious Metal Crop Out Every Year.

There are localities where gold may be said to grow every year, or, in other words, where fresh deposits of the precious metal are to be found annually.

One such district is in the Edmonton country, in the Canadian northwest, where, after the spring floods from the same banks and "benches" of the Saskatchewan river, there are taken every year considerable quantities of gold by a few diggers, who make their living out of the business.

But the most conspicuous and interesting case of this sort is to be seen near Ichang, in the province of Hupeh, in China. For many centuries past each year gold has been washed from the banks of coarse gravel on both sides of the River Han, and in the midst of the auriferous district there is an ancient town called Ulkutien, which means "Gold Diggers' Inn." Its inhabitants subdivide the gold-bearing ground among themselves annually, staking out their claims with partitions. They pay no royalty and appear to earn no more than a bare subsistence, but this may be doubted, as John Chinaman is an adept at "layin' low and sayin' nuffin'."

The annual river floods bring down millions of tons of mud and sand from the mountains, and this mud and sand, which is charged with gold, both "fine" and in flakes, is deposited to a depth of six inches or more on the banks of gravel. It is in the winter that the gold is washed, and it is said that seven men work about 20 tons of the "pay dirt" in a day.—London Answers.

Feudal System in Sweden.

There is a special class of farm laborers in Sweden who are given so many acres of land for their own use, in consideration for so many days' labor during the period for the owner of the farm. They are a sort of fixture to an estate, and their like exists in no other country.—N. Y. Sun.

Love Not Blind.

Love isn't blind; it usually sees double.—Chicago Daily News.